Morning Oregonian.

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NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Senator George Introduce a Number of Bills.

THE NEW CHINESE MEASURE.

Senator Dill Establishing American Courts in Oriental Countries—The Senate Indolent in a Debate.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Special to the Oregonian.—Senator Dolph has been appointed a member of the committee to investigate the Hawaiian government.

Senator Dill introduced a bill to establish a line of steamships between Portland and Honolulu. The city has been appointed a port of entry for the Hawaiian Islands, and has gone to Honolulu. The bill will arrange an ocean mail service between the two countries and has been referred to the post office committee.

Senator Dolph introduced a bill to establish a land district in Eastern Oregon, to be known as the Lakeview district, and to be composed of portions of the Burnt River and Prineville districts. The bill also provides for the appointment of a register and receiver for the district, and for the establishment of a land office at Lakeview. The bill was referred to the committee on public lands.

Senator Dolph introduced a bill to provide for the payment of the claim of Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, widow of Lieutenant Hall, U. S. A., for the use of the steamer Arctic in the search for the Jeannette. The bill was referred to the committee on claims

The Daily Oregonian.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN 9, 1884

A PROPER TURF FOR A BOLT

Pendleton is not a democrat, but as a civil service reformer and therefore he cannot be elected to the senate. He was the author of the civil service act that passed both house[s] the[ir] last session and became a law. The principal argument used against him now is a[n] allegation of his unfaithfulness to his party as shown by his advocacy of a measure that would set aside the system of distributing the offices as spoils or rewards for party services and substitute a[n] honorable competitive examination. Democratic conventions have condemned the spoils system which Pendleton is now condemned and sacrificed for no important thing.

It is said that Henry B. Payne is to be elected in place of Pendleton. Payne is a very wealthy citizen of Cleveland and a member of the Standard Oil Company, the most gigantic of the great American monopolies. As the candidate of this monopoly enormous means of 'influence' are ready for use in his behalf. Mr. Payne is in no way distinguished for his services to his country or to his party. He simply has a[n] 'O[il]' and this makes him an attractive candidate. Great effort was put forth by the Pendleton men to make head against Payne by showing that the latter was the candidate of the oil monopoly but it was soon abandoned as hopeless. The charge didn't weaken Payne but rather added to his strength as the members took most kindly to oil, and Pendleton lost votes instead of gaining them. He is now said to be hopelessly balanced. In a day or two the caucus will be held.

It is a pity the democratic party has not within it an element that would 'bolt' at a time like this. But it has not. Caucus will rule. The lash will be applied and members will cringe under it. Individuality in the democratic party is weak. There is too little conscience and too little independence. It would be difficult, it would perhaps be impossible to get a republican legislature together which would not be divided by a resolute bolt in circumstances like these. Pendleton's friends would honor themselves by exhibiting that courage which ought to actuate men feeling the responsibility of their representative character and refuse to be bound by caucus rule. In almost every state republicans have done this when caucus has attempted scandalous or improper things. Pendleton himself would not be elected of course, but his friends could force the election of Thurman and they ought to do it. But they will not. It is one of the proofs of the unfitness of the democratic party to rule the country, that it has no element in it which sufficient independence, courage or conscience to bolt upon proper occasion.

THE TRUE POSITION

Another and a[n]ot the last of the great newspapers has shaken off its servile allegiance to party and with the true spirit of the time announces its future honest independence. It will no longer be the mere trumpeter of office holders and office seekers. It will continue to be republican in principle but it will not be bound to violate its own conscience in any part of the republican party. In its declaration of independence it says: Municipal government is the great problem of the day and no newspaper standing for the people can afford to permit abuses to continue because politicians of whatever party may intrench themselves behind party fortifications. The tendency of the times is away from this style of journalism and the Chicago *Journal* will for itself assert the right to criticise fearlessly and condemn unsparingly whatever is believed to be inimical to the material prosperity of the city and county in which democrats are alike interested with republicans.

There is no other ground for an honest and self respecting journal to take. The people are not intelligent to be deceived by mere party cries. It breaks down the thin walls of the wouldbe sepulcher and lowers the corruption to view. It will not now be cajoled or bullied or bought to give hearty and unquestioning support to the dictates of a party caucus in which it no longer has a controlling voice and the newspaper which knowingly lends its aid to the furtherance of the schemes of mere freebooters in politics because they appear with the sign of a party name as it deserves to lose the public confidence and respect. Party ties are not without a certain potency of habit or prejudice or sentiment or conviction, but their power is no nearly so great as a generation ago because no real living issue unless an ominous one can be made divides the parties now as in the days of slavery and secession. The party label is nothing. Individual honesty and character is everything. The journal that becomes the mere mouthpiece of scheming organizers of any party designs has prostituted itself and becomes the enemy of the community whence it draws its support. And all intelligent and patriotic men will sooner or later come to honest ground of independence.

Matters are evidently getting into shape for the levy of something like a fifteen mill tax for the government of the city of Portland. With the income derived from this tax and from other sources of revenue there would be a very good year for the gentlemen who give themselves up to public affairs as Chapman and Lesser, Dick Gerdes and Bill Andrus, Ben Flexner and Sam Wolf. Until the administration of the affairs of the city can be placed in the hands of men in whom the public have a right to repose some confidence the tax levy ought to be limited to the barest necessities of city government. Fortunately the common council as at present constituted contains a majority of reputable men. The public look to them to guard the city against the rapacity of jobbers and spoilsmen. A most effective way to head off plunderers is to make the smallest possible tax levy. The whole levy ought to be kept within ten mills expressly to limit the opportunities of the class who are studying and planning how to get their hands into the city treasury, and counting on a big tax levy as the first step. The city could stand a heavy tax were it assured that the revenues would be ghtly used, but it would far better do without certain services that it needs than to permit dishonest jobs. Until it can be assured of honest administration it should wield up the sources of revenue and tighten its purse strings. He that sees is an honest and efficient mayor a man of known integrity and approved business capacity. If the city is not to get such a man for a year and a half yet then till that time it should keep its expenditures and its tax levy at the lowest line of indispensable requirements.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* which has been the defender of tyranny and secession in Congress at its height, it voters and civil service reform, has at last the candor to admit what it that the balance of power is now held by that element which it once despised. While declaring its own readiness still to sword unto sword its old dikes and dislikes to the good of the party it says that there is no use in disguising the fact that a great many republicans and some leaders do not feel that way. 'Take the split in Cook county,' it adds, 'here a body of independents to turn the scale don't what state New York and Ohio are in the vanity of those voters who may be said to live on the neutral belt or free zone. Gen. Garfield won the support of that class 1880 as against General Hancock, and that gave him a very overwhelming majority. If he fails, and him with those republican politicians throughout the country whose candidate for the presidency is the man who can be elected. It is when the managers of the party that in order to succeed the candidate must command the support of independent element.

Boston, it is asserted, is loser to the amount of $20,000,000 through the collapse of Transcontinental and Northern Pacific.

MR. HEWITT ON THE TARIFF

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt the New York member of the ways and means committee of the house has lately written a letter in which he says the only living issue in federal politics is whether the revenue system shall be reformed and on what basis of principle it shall be done. The test for classifying any man as a republican is the belief that the duties on foreign imports and consumption should be levied for revenue only and not for protection except as incidental thereto. Mr. Hewitt says: 'I would not interfere with the present system of internal taxation, which is producing a large surplus, but I would remove the duties from those articles which are consumed by the people generally and which are not produced in the United States, and I would reduce the duties on those articles which are produced in the United States, but not to such an extent as to destroy the industries which have been established under the present tariff.' Mr. Hewitt's letter is a very able one, and it will be read with interest by all who are studying the tariff question. It is the first time that Mr. Hewitt has ever committed himself to a definite statement of his views on the tariff question, and his letter will be regarded as a very important political event. Mr. Hewitt is a member of the ways and means committee of the house, and his views will probably be made the basis of legislation if the democrats should succeed in the coming presidential election. Mr. Hewitt's letter is as follows:

> A revision of the tariff should be undertaken at this session of congress, and I am in favor of such a revision. I would remove the duties from those articles which are not produced in the United States, and I would reduce the duties on those articles which are produced in the United States, but not to such an extent as to destroy the industries which have been established under the present tariff. I would not interfere with the present system of internal taxation, which is producing a large surplus, but I would remove the duties from those articles which are not produced in the United States, and I would reduce the duties on those articles which are produced in the United States, but not to such an extent as to destroy the industries which have been established under the present tariff.

The New York Sun's candidate for the presidency is Allen G. Thurman, who is to be nominated by the democratic party. The Sun says that the democratic party is weak, and that it cannot live upon the principles of the past. It says that the democratic party is weak, and that it cannot live upon the principles of the past. It says that the democratic party is weak, and that it cannot live upon the principles of the past.

To make the tariff an issue at the next presidential campaign would not be wise. It would be insanity. Thus the New York World advises us, and every day against the movement towards free trade in favor that we by legislation of the last session.

On the 1st January the San Francisco *Chronicle* got out an immense sheet in honor of the resources and progress of California. It was complete in every particular, and it did honor to the press and enterprise of the City of the Golden Gate.

All the signs are that the Democratic party will divide the tariff question on this question.

LESS RUM

Only about one half of the people of Iowa are farmers. In the state fully three-fourths of the people are engaged in agriculture. Many a young lad is daughter will be a farmer's wife. Many a farmer's husband and father is a farmer. The Iowa Journal.

A correspondent of the Iowa Journal says that the people of Iowa are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture. They are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture. They are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture. They are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture.

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The Hartford Post says that the people of Iowa are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture. They are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture. They are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture. They are farmers. They are engaged in agriculture.

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While he was playing [illegible] in Monroe on Monday night, [illegible] went on as usual [illegible]

A[n] address [illegible] of Oregon on [illegible] restore [illegible] has left office [illegible] it has struck the right [illegible] of the [illegible]

Think of the [illegible] printer [illegible] printer [illegible] printer

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CLIFFORD'S RECOMPENSE.

Without, the snow was falling heavily and the sky was dull and gray, forboding a long storm.

Within, all was dark, and lone, and desolate, for the light of the household had gone out!

The fair bride of only eleven months had been suddenly and unexpectedly called to her last home. The gentle spirit, whose ministrations had rendered the house a second paradise, had fled, and the bereaved husband was left alone to mourn his bitter loss—alone, save for the delicate babe for whom the beloved mother's life had been given.

Clifford Hunnewell buried his face in his hands in agony of grief. The happy future overthrown, the home broken up, the dear wife—ah! how heavy had been the hand of providence. Why was this visitation his? The feeble wail of the week old infant aroused the sorrowing man to recollection of his duty as a parent. For the baby's sake he must conquer his despair, must learn to be father and mother in one to the helpless being thrown upon his protection.

Bending over the cradle he touched his lips lightly to his little daughter's cheek, and consecrated his life to hers.

More than two years passed. The young widower's life had been a quiet, uneventful one, devoted to the interests of his business, and to the pale, winsome blossom which had root and bud, and which for months had such a struggle to survive the loss of maternal care.

Strive as he might, however, to fill the void in his existence by concentrating all his energies on his precious Mamie, the mother's beloved image continually rose before him to remind him of all that he had lost.

His household consisted of an elderly aunt—a widow, and a young woman who took care of the child, and was a sort of companion and nurse in one.

Miss Deane belonged to that large class of Americans who, born to better days, are compelled, through poverty, to earn a living. She was a good-looking, sensible girl—in fact was a lady, both in education and manners.

She had been seemingly so content in her present circumstances that Mr. Hunnewell was greatly surprised when, in July, she signified her intention of leaving the following September.

"What am I to do, Aunt Delight?" he said to Miss Cleveland, with some anxiety. "You are too feeble, and Mamie too little as yet to be left at the mercy of an ordinary servant. I despair of finding a worthy successor to Miss Deane."

"Then, if you ask my advice, marry her," was the startling rejoinder.

"What a fine suggestion that way out of the difficulty!" inquired Mr. Hunnewell, with no slight irritation.

"Every one has long seen that to be the natural solution," replied his aunt. "Harriet is a good, amiable girl, and perfectly devoted to Mamie. Of course we should all lead lonely lives were Miss Deane married, but Aunt Dolly says Georgy says, a man who has once tasted of married happiness will not always be contented to do without it!"

Clifford Hunnewell's brows knotted. "So my affairs have been well discussed among my relatives!" he exclaimed.

"Only from the best of motives, as you well know, dear Clifford. Loving both you and Mamie, your friends have been anxious to see you happy. When will you find another who will love the child as Harriet Deane does? Furthermore, are you certain that she does not already love you too?"

"Impossible!" cried Hunnewell with a start, at this unexpected proposition.

Miss Cleveland smiled, thinking to herself it would not be so very strange for any young lady to become interested in the fine-looking, high-hearted, noble man before her.

"Clifford," she said, "you have a very winning manner; are you sure it has not misled Harriet?"

"Aunt Delight!" cried Hunnewell. I have only treated her with the politeness due from a gentleman to a lady, whatever her position. She made my home as pleasant as it could be without——" His voice trembled, "my Edith."

He paused a moment. "I trust I have shown my full appreciation of Miss Deane's efforts," he added, gravely.

"I did not for a moment suppose that you had made the slightest attempt to win her regard. I only asked this when you did not have one to unawares. I mistrust this to be the real reason why she intends leaving."

"I sincerely hope you are wrong in your conjecture, Aunt Delight," said Clifford, as he prepared to leave for the press of business.

He could not easily put aside this conversation, however, and during the week that followed found himself unconsciously criticising Miss Deane's behavior, while the unwarranted own manner became infused with a coldness and formality quite foreign to it.

Miss Deane felt the imperceptible change, though unable to account for it, and hastened somewhat her preparations for departure.

"Dear pet," she murmured, as she caught the child in her arms one day, "how can I bear to leave you?"

Low as was the tone Mr Hunnewell heard it.

"You will miss Mamie, then?"

Miss Deane's eyes were bright with unshed tears as she murmured, "yes!"

"Why leave her then? She will need care, such as yours has been, until she is old enough to enter school, at least."

Each succeeding year would but render the parting harder," she answered. "It is better that I go now, while she is too young to remember and grieve for me."

"Would nothing tempt you to change your mind? You have been contented here, have you not?"

She turned away to hide the bright blush which suffused her countenance, and rendered it for the moment positively handsome.

"More than content," she answered softly.

"Then stay."

"I cannot—must not," she said hurriedly, "or I should care too much. Besides, I—that is—there is yet another reason—" with difficulty bringing out the words. "Perhaps I ought to have told you before."

"What is it?" queried Mr. Hunnewell, with interest.

"I have received an offer of marriage from an old friend, and have recently decided to accept it."

"Indeed!"

So then she had not been pining for him after all! How very like a fool he felt, to have listened to be his aunt's gossip. Mutually changed color, beneath his heavy beard, as he tried to say unconcernedly, "Then you are to leave this for a happier home. I am sincerely glad," and he held out his hand in congratulation.

The one she laid in his was well molded, though large, and its touch was warm and warm.

Yes, of course he was glad, very glad to have the difficulty so pleasantly and pleasantly settled. He could never have loved her, and to have won her heart would have been awkward. It was certainly a great relief.

Yet so inconsistent is weak human nature, a touch of regret tinged his gladness.

He had held her hand while those thoughts coursed swiftly through his brain. Moved by a sudden impulse, he raised it reverently to his lips.

Harriet Deane grew scarlet, withdrew her hand quickly and fled from the room.

"She is justly indignant," mused Clifford. "She cares nothing for me."

How little men understand a woman!

Miss Deane waked next morning with a headache, pitied by a first ear night. But at breakfast she was her usual self-contained self.

"I have received a letter which renders it imperative for me to start this week," she announced.

"We shall miss you," said Aunt Delight politely. "Clifford, if you are willing, I will take Mamie to Cohasset Charlotte's for a while and give you an opportunity to look about for a successor to our kind Miss Harriet."

"Very well," was the reply.

The day of Miss Deane's departure, Mr. Hunnewell made her a valuable wedding present. He also escorted her to the station, and as the last bell sounded said, "Good bye; do not forget me."

"Would it were possible!" thought she, as the train moved away. "Noblest, kindest-hearted of men," she mused, "why could it not have been my happy lot to have won your affection?"

"All, well for us all since sweet hope lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes."

When his aunt, too, had taken her departure, carrying with her the little one from whom her fond father had never before been separated, the house was indeed desolate. Clifford stood in a mingle of misery, then packed his bag and ran away to the mountains for a brief vacation.

The autumnal glory of the foliage was already prophesied, and the air had a sweet fragrance and a crisp coolness very refreshing after the sultry heat of the city.

Clifford found the change very grateful and much needed.

Stopping for dinner one day at a hotel some miles from his own, he was surprised to meet an old college friend.

"How pleasant this is, Charlie," he exclaimed. "Are you more a one?"

"No. Father, mother and Flossie are all here. You remember my sister, of course?"

"Oh, yes, though it must be nearly five years since I saw her last."

"That's so. Well, there she is."

A pretty, stylish young lady was coming swiftly up the wide, shady village street, a broad-brimmed hat trimmed with Florida grasses lifted over her fluffy brown hair, a big bunch of goldenrod in her bare hand and the other pinned against the belt of her white lawn dress. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink from her rapid exercise. Clifford thought to himself he had seldom beheld a lovelier maiden.

Was this the mischievous little hoyden of his remembrance whom her brother used to tease with the name of "tom-boy?"

His surprise was so complete that something of it must have appeared in his face, for the young lady suddenly laughed, a bright, ringing peal of mirth which proved contagious, and at once did away with all formality.

After dinner Mr. Hunnewell was persuaded to remove his headquarters, for, as Miss Armadale observed to her brother, "a good looking man was a God-send in that stupid place."

"But Hunnewell is a widower," answered Charlie Armadale, "a species which I have often heard you declare you detest."

"Well, so I do," pouted Flossie. "But even a widower is better than nobody."

"This one has two or three children I believe."

"Who cares if he has a dozen?" cried Flossie. "Just mind your own business, you horrid bear!" giving her brother a swift hug.

"How we do exclaim!" as the straightened his necktie. "If only well I didn't have to go back to the city to-morrow."

"I guess I can manage to take care of myself without any of your help," said the young lady, saucily—"and of the widower, too," in an undertone.

There was no doubt but that she was equal to this task. Clifford and she were inseparable.

It was years since he had been thrown in such intimate communion with youth and loveliness. What wonder that the spell worked.

A week of long, golden days and mellow moonlit evenings went slowly by, then Clifford awoke with a start to the knowledge that his holiday was over. That this pleasant companionship must have an end.

"To leave Flossie! What would life be worth without her?

He began to realize how very dear she had become to him in one little week.

It was the first time that Clifford Hunnewell had ever admitted to himself the possibility of his desiring to marry again. His first brief union had been so happy, he had deemed it impossible that he should ever wish to call another than his beloved lost one by the sacred name of wife. He recoiled from the thought as though it had been treason to that dear one. Yet, once admitted, it would not be cast out nor, through an intermingle wrotched night the new love did battle for its rights. It gained the victory ere morning broke.

He was to leave on the 9 o'clock train. After breakfast there was just time to spend to Miss Armadale. But that young lady was perverse and would not listen, and cried her best to avert a declaration. It was of no use. Clifford was too much in earnest, and compelled her to hear him through. Then he waited in silence for her answer.

"Marry you?" she cried. "I would not marry a widower if there were not another marriageable man in the world!"

Then, ashamed of her outburst, she would have apologized, but the wounded pride had fled, her heartless words ringing in his ears as they would for many a day to come.

"Oh, how sorry how ashamed I am!" thought Miss Armadale, penitently, as she slowly retraced her steps to the house. "I'm glad Charlie isn't here. I wouldn't have him know for anything. He thinks Clifford Hunnewell is just perfection. Perhaps I might think so too if he wasn't a widower with a family. I'd rather be No. 1." And with a half sigh she ascended the steps of the piazza and strove to forget Clifford's earnest words in following the fortunes of "Yolande."

In Mr. Hunnewell's quiet home the household machinery moved with as little jar as when Harriet Deane ordered its affairs. A capable Nova Scotia girl had replaced her, and except that both Clifford and Aunt Delight missed Harriet's cheery presence they would have been unconscious of any visible change.

Winter was upon them with its first stinging frostiness. The trees looked like fairyland, covered with icicles, glistening in the sunlight, and the white carpeted avenues gave forth a dazzling glare.

Stopping to gaze for an instant, his mind full of his little Mamie, who, a winsome already developed, the indicate, for the first time Clifford encountered Miss Armadale. She, too, was gazing at the novelties so invitingly displayed. Attired in an elegant suit of embossed blue velvet, which admirably became her, she appeared to his eyes a rarer vision of loveliness.

"Flossie!" he uncontrollably murmured.

Low as he breathed her name she turned, recognized him, bowed, and disappeared amid the throng.

"Did that I was?" he muttered. "Why did I attract her attention? Heartless hypocrite! Would you had never crossed my path!"

Though Hunnewell had good reason for his uncomplimentary opinion of the beautiful girl, she was not so unfeeling as he deemed. She had deeply regretted her hasty treatment of his avowal, and had longed, yet dreaded, to have an opportunity of making reparation. Startled by the unexpected meeting, she had yielded to her first nervous impulse and fled, only to wish immediately afterward that she had not been such a coward.

By dint of much maneuvering, however, she succeeded in obtaining her brother's promise to look up his friend at once, if possible, bring him to the house. So shyly was this accomplished that sharp witted Charlie did not even mistrust that he had any special object in view. But then he did not know how deep had been that brief summer dirtation.

Probably Hunnewell would have refused Armadale's pressing invitation to spend an evening with them had he not feared that Flossie might construe such conduct to mean that he dared not again subject himself to her quiescence, so he went.

The Armadales inherited how to live. The appointments of their home, while luxurious, were unostentatious and comfortable.

The apartment into which the guest was ushered was half in shade, the subdued light of a Faience lamp in the room beyond serving only to reveal objects dimly. Therefore Hunnewell was unaware that anyone save himself was present till a voice of wondrous unforgotten sweetness spoke his name, and a form arose from the depths of an easy chair near the window and advanced toward him.

Miss Armadale's manner was the perfection of good breeding, as a general rule, on this occasion she was determined to reinstate herself in Clifford's good opinion.

He could not long resist the charm of her presence, and found himself entering with zest into the conversation, and really sorry when the entrance of her brother put a stop to the unlooked for tete-a-tete. But those five minutes alone with Flossie had done away with the chill he could be had been months in acquiring. Cupid had him fast in the toils again.

The pleasure of the evening received a sudden damper in a hasty summons to the bedside of his darling, who had been suddenly attacked with that terrible scourge of childhood—croup.

"I shall accompany you," exclaimed Flossie.

"Your aunt is so feeble that I may be of essence inexperienced in sickness as I am."

Charlie looked up in amazement, but a warning sign decided him not to remonstrate. Mr. and Mrs. Armadale were absent at a concert, so Flossie had no one to consult.

Mr. Hunnewell had no thought of rebuking the warm-hearted offer. "I will see her home as soon as the immediate danger is over," he said, "or she can remain with my aunt, as you prefer."

"Better bring her home, Clifford," answered Armadale, inwardly trusting they would return as his parents did.

So Flossie quickly put on her things, and almost irrelevant the hurried journey was made. Yet the wished-for sensation of the bedside of his little hand brought to Clifford. The very unexpectedness of Flossie's sympathy made it all the sweeter.

Little Mamie proved to be very sick, and for two anxious hours, aided by the physician, they fought for her life. At last the crisis passed away, and the child sank into a natural slumber.

"Give the medicine as directed, and watch her carefully, and I will see her sometime during the forenoon," said the doctor.

Aunt Delight, worn out with nervous strain, retired to her room, and Clifford and Flossie were left alone.

Seated by Mamie's bedside, a hush fell upon the weary watchers. Flossie's face was shaded averted, for there were tears of thankfulness in her eyes.

So still she sat that Clifford asked with tender solicitude: "Are you not tired? Would you not like to retire to your room. I can take care of Mamie now."

"Oh, no," was the low answer.

"Flossie," bending his form some head nearer, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your kindness in coming here. You had never seen Mamie."

"But she was your child," whispered Flossie, averting her blushing face.

"My love!" exclaimed Clifford, and there was a great yearning in his voice. "Can it be possible that you care for me and mine?" taking her hand in his strong, eager clasp and compelling the shy eyes to meet his own.

There was no need of a spoken answer. Clifford strained her to his breast and rained kisses upon the soft hair, the white brow, and lastly on the sweet, pure lips.

What woman could withstand such impassioned wooing? Flossie turned her arm around his neck, and a vast content filled her happy soul.

"So you're going to marry a widower after all. Why, Flossie!" exclaimed her brother, "what sort of a mother will a baron-season thing like you make?"

But little Mamie was delighted, when, early in the next year, her new mamma came home, while Aunt Delight learned to bless the day that Flossie Armadale became Mrs. Clifford Hunnewell. Not but Harriet Deane would have made him a good wife, but she had not Flossie's beauty and grace.

In the place of honor hangs the first Mrs. Hunnewell's portrait, and Flossie often pauses to contemplate it with positive eyes, feeling a great sorrow for the fair woman whose loss was her gain. Edith will never be forgotten by the husband who mourned her so deeply, but time has poured balm into the wound and it is healed.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 8.

Stormy was her introduction, much to the detriment of trade. The incoming steamer suffered a day's delay, and overland freight trains are behind time. The goods movement is only fair for the season.

R. G. Dun & Co. report 25 failures in Oregon and 20 in Washington for 1883. Oregon failures showed liabilities of $34,092, assets $195,000. Washington failures showed liabilities of $245,000, assets $338,275. California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington for 1883 reported 649 failures, with liabilities of $6,243,191 and assets for $3,297,892, against 405 failures, with liabilities of $4,152,676, and assets of $2,136,572 for the year 1882.

A recent statement regarding the Oregon Improvement Company credits that company with owning $3,000,000 stock of the Seattle Coal and Transfer Company; $672,000 stock of the Columbia and Puget Sound railroad; $1,000,000 stock of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company; 170,000 acres of land and other realestate.

The Northern Pacific Terminal Company may own terminal facilities which are leased for fifty years to the N. P. R. R., O. R. & N. Co. and O. & C. R. R., with a guaranteed rental sufficient to pay interest, sinking fund and taxes. The stocks, $12,500,000 in bills, and is to be sufficient to retire the bonds by maturity. The stock of $1,000,000 is owned by said three companies, 40 per cent. by O. R. & N. Co., 40 per cent. by N. P. R. R. and 20 per cent. by O. & C. R. R. and held by the Central Trust Co. of New York, to be delivered after payment of total sinking fund, which is to cancel the bonds.

FREIGHTS—A wooden vessel at San Francisco has accepted a deal for lumber from Puget Sound to Sydney. A grain freight is almost impossible at this time, being the low figure at which flour business is accepted. With no there is no actual inquiry in any direction.

WHEAT—The local market exhibits little new. A cargo of valley recently changed hands at a figure said to be under $1 50 free on board. Holders are not willing to part with this product at prices possible at this time, and all quotations were to be purely nominal.

The New York *Financial Chronicle* regular London correspondence writes under date of December 12: The wheat trade remains in a very dull and inactive state. The visible can make up to mild, but there is no expectation of additional supplies from Russia, as the prices current here are not sufficiently remunerative to induce shippers to forward produce to ports more distant and still open to navigation. We are, in fact, so heavily weighted with supplies that there is no prospect of immediate improvement. The stocks of foreign wheat and flour in country here are still over three mill on quarters, and there are nearly two million quarters afloat. These important supplies, together with the fact that the visible supply in the United States is unprecedentedly large, are quite sufficient to account for the reserve and caution which mullers display, and for the dullness of the trade. The following are the quantities of wheat, flour and Indian corn now afloat to the United Kingdom, compared with the corresponding period last year, was as much as 1,730,000 cwt., viz: from 31,450,000 cwt. to 5,180,000 cwt., but the receipts of flour have been fully maintained of the total for the current season being 5,400,000 cwt., against 2,991,250 cwt. in 1882. From Russia the imports of wheat have been as much as 4,000,000 cwt. against 2,510,250 cwt., being an increase of 1,500,000 cwt., while from British India have arrived to 1,000,000 cwt. against 1,507,000 cwt., an increase of 2,000,000 cwt. and from Australia 1,500,000 cwt. against 600,000 cwt., an increase of 900,000 cwt. While, therefore, America has sent us 1,730,000 cwt. of wheat less, Russia, India and Australia have contributed 4,500,000 cwt. more, than in the first three months of last season. Turkey, Roumania and Egypt have been furnishing us with large supplies, especially the latter country.

FLOUR—A general weakness in quotations over ruling standard brands. The Oregon arrival 2722 barrels, mostly Walla Walla brands.

At the close in light business, with values practically unchanged.

PRODUCE RECEIPTS—Past 24 hours: 900 ctls wheat, 3570 bbls flour, 170 ctls oats, 307 ctls peas, 307 ctls feed stuff, 1 ctl potatoes, 5 ctls butter, 5 ctls eggs, 32 lbs fruit, 30 pkgs butter, 42 bdls hay, also 4450 ctls wheat, 525 bbls flour, 625 lbs hides from the eastern section.

EXPORTS—Per S. amer Oregon to San Francisco: 474 ctls wheat, 2070 qrs 2665 bf sacks flour, 285 sks flaxseed, 1605 lbs wool, 3 bxs 4 cs 6 bdls 4 bbls fixtures, 5 cs cashmeres, 15 cases cattle fish, 31 sks 2 rls leather, 24 hams, 50 sks 214 grain bdls, 7 bdls shrej sks 6, 1 bdl elk hides, 4 bls deer skins, 30 bls calf sk ns, 4 bls furs, 4 sks copper ore, 15 cs honey, 5 bf 20 bls salmon, 1 bbl 6 lbs hazel, 266 bdls ash hoop 8 in 2000 bdls lath, sun. fir hand wood, 4430 ft lumber, $21,458 treasure.

SHIPPING NOTES.

The Oregon sailed at 6:30 A. M.

The new schooner Lucinda Dobbler made the run up from San Francisco to Port Townsend in four days and ten hours, arriving at Port Townsend the 26th ult.

During December one of vessels sailed from Puget sound foreign with lumber cargoes valued at $6,854. Five went to Honolulu and one each to Australia, Hiogama and Honolulu. They carried about 5 feet rough and 864,000 feet surface lumber, 175 ctls flour, shipp knees, 37,127 pieces, 857,000 shingles. In the six months 10 vessels arrived for Puget Sound with load for San Francisco, two for Melbourne, one to Honolulu, one to Hiogama, one to Callao, one to Valparaiso, and one with orders.

The telegraph brings us of the death of the Jakes Hussey, but does not mention the cause of any

Received by Telegraph.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.

February and spring Wheat—Lower, 90 bid. Corn—Lower, 36½ bid. Oats—Lower, 28 bid. Pork—Lower, $7 40. Short ribs—Higher, $7 50

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8, 8 P. M.

Weather, thick wind light northwest.

Wheat—Shipping, $1 50@1 52½; choice, $1 55; shipments, 45,000 ctls; sales, 30,000 ctls; options, 5,000 ctls; spot, 950 ctls.

Barley—Feed, $1 05@1 07½; fair to choice, $1 10@1 12½; brewing, $1 12½@1 15.

Oats—Market very quiet. Quotations unchanged.

Potatoes—Steady; fair business doing at last prices.

Bran—No. 1 wheat bran, spot, $16 00@16 50; miller year, $15 00.

Salmon—Small sales of outside brands reported on private terms. General quotations unchanged.

Wool—A fair business is doing on local account.

Hops—Steady; there is a better demand for prime qualities. Quotations unchanged.

Eggs—Easier; fresh California, 35@37½.

Butter—Weak; no dem ds are willing to shade rates.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

Wheat irregular; flour quiet; wool steady.

MONEY MARKETS.

SAN FRANCISCO Jan. 8.—Sterling exchange on London banks, sixty days, 84 87½; demand, 84 87½.

Transfers—Par@½.

Bank of England rate of interest—4 per cent.

Silver coin, 87 @88; silver bullion, bar size, per ounce, $1 09½.

Sterling exchange, prime banks, long, 4 83½; short, 4 86½.

Coast Commercial, from 1 to 3-4 lower; domestic, 2 to 1¾ lower.

United States bonds—6s, 1881 4s, 113 bid; 4s, 1907, 125 bid.

Boston, Jan. 7.—Consols, 101 5-16, money, 1 1-16, account.

Silver bullion, English standard, 925 fine, per fine ounce, 51 12.

United States bonds—6s, 1 05.

FREEDOM'S COMING BREADSTUFFS REPORT.

LONDON MARKETS.

LONDON, Jan. 8.

Floating cargoes—Inactive; cargoes on line 28 and for shipment, steady.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 8.

Spot market—Dull; American cotton middling flour per 196 lbs 22 5d

PARIS MARKETS.

PARIS, Jan. 8.

Spot market—Wheat and flour, quiet.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8.—Sailed—Ger bk Hermann Sietz, Kirk, Ireada; Ger bk Gov. Doll, Hand, Sierra; ship Port Gamble, Sohr Norma, Umpqua.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—This ship Thos. Howes was reported at 6 A. M.

PORT TOWNSEND, Jan. 8.—Arrived—Schr Conrad and bk C. O. Whittemore, San Francisco.

PORT BLAKELY, Jan. 8.—Sailed—Ger bk Anita, Schr Valparaiso; schr Ada Iverd, San Francisco; Tacoma, Jan. 8.—Sailed—Brk H. C. Lund, ball Francisco.

ASTORIA, Jan. 8.—A. M.—Cloudy, wind south, west, 5:30 A. M.—Arrived—Str State of California.

CAPE HORN, Jan. 8.—A. M.—Her very rough; rain up, wind south, westerly, 48 miles.

8:30 P. M.—Passed for—ship of California.

FOREIGN.

FALMOUTH, Dec. 26.—Prince Albert—Brk ed Duke of Connaught, London for Vancouver's Island.

Jan. 3.—Arrived—Fr bk Marie Caroline, San Francisco.

HULL, Jan. 7.—Arrived—Nor sh Hacthorne, San Francisco.

HAVRE, Jan. 5.—Arrived—Brk Hay C. Giles, San Francisco.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 7.—Arrived—Sh John McDonald, San Francisco.

Jan. 8.—Sailed—Brit S Nantes, San Francisco.

ANTWERP, Jan. 5.—Sailed—Str City of Para, New York.

LAND'S END, Dec. 31.—Arrived—Sh Governor Good win, San Francisco.

BARROW, Jan. 2.—Sailed—Brsh Pioneer, London or San Francisco.

Dec. 31.—Sailed—Brsh Mirandola, Liverpool or San Francisco.

Dec. 31.—Arrived—Brsh Mitredale, Liverpool or San Francisco.

Dec. 31.—Sailed—Brsh Grace Harwar, Liverpool or San Francisco.

Dec. 31.—Arrived—Brsh Gold Hunter, Liverpool or San Francisco.

Dec. 31.—Sailed—Brsh Crompton, Liverpool or San Francisco.

Dec. 31.—Sailed—Brsh Pleiades, Liverpool or San Francisco.

Dec. 26.—Sailed—Ger bk Henry Villers, New York for Chile.

Dec. 26.—Sailed—Ger bk Gustav Adolph, Liverpool for San Francisco.

Nov. 29.—Sailed—Brsh Gen. Wolfe, Liverpool for San Francisco.

Dec. 26.—Sailed—Brsh Wm. Miller, Liverpool for San Francisco.

Dec. 26.—Sailed—Brsh Crompton, Liverpool for San Francisco.

Dec. 26.—Sailed—Brsh Pleiades, Liverpool for San Francisco.

STOCK LIABILITY.

The British Parliament has under consideration, and proposes to make it a criminal offense to issue stock certificates in amounts less than £10 sterling.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, purifies and invigorates the vital forces, and thereby cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

By using small doses of this powerful blood purifier, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

GRAND CHARTER OAK STOVE

The BEST of ALL.
Unrivalled in Appearance.
Unparalleled in Simplicity.
Unsurpassed in Construction.
Unprecedented in Durability.
Unexcelled in Economy of Fuel.
Undisputed in the BROAD GLARE of being the
VERY BEST OPERATING,
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST AND
Ever offered to the public.
MADE ONLY BY
EXCELSIOR MANUFACTURING CO.
Nos. 612, 614, 616 & 618 N. Main St.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
SOLD BY
CHAS. MADANTZ,
45 Third st., near Ash, Portland, Or.

NORTH PACIFIC FLOUR MILLS COMPANY,

Walla Walla, W. T.

Capacity of 3000 barrels per day.

Manufacture Flour upon the Gradual Reduction System, by ROLLERS.

Make Light, Nutritious and Delicious Bread, and is proof it than any other in the market.

TRY IT!
H. P. ISAACS, Manager.
For sale by WADHAMS & CO., H. HOLT, Portland, Or.

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

SALEM BAKERS' EXTRA
AND
FAMILY FLOUR,
Manufactured expressly for Family Bakers Export trade.
SALEM FLOURING MILLS CO., Salem, Or.
Portland Agents:
SHERMAN, CHURCHILL & CO.,
N. E. cor. Front and Ash sts.

PILES SCRATCH NO MORE!
USE SWAYNE'S ITCHING PILES. OINTMENT.
It CURES all Skin Blotches, Internal, Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Ulcerated Piles. Relief and Cure guaranteed by druggists. Other parts are to endure affected. Sweynes Ointment cures Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaldhead, all Skin Diseases.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EUPHORBIA PILULIFERA
TRADE MARK
Great ASTHMA Herb
Price 50c Testimonials Free.
Sold by Druggists. Address, Kennedy & Kenyon, N. Y.

DR. PAUL M. BRENAN

[illegible] Specialty [illegible]
Office and Residence, 25 Sutter St., San Francisco.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tubers, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, and the direct result of all in cure of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy pure condition. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has for over forty years been recognized by thousands of medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, expelling all lurking humors that blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

Some months ago I was troubled with foul sores (ulcers) on my legs. In fact my whole body was affected and indicated on the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. I was induced to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial, and I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which I have now taken three bottles with the result that the sores are healed and my general health is very much improved. I feel very grateful for the good you have done me.—Mrs. Ellen Ayers, Lynn, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles for $5.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the original and only genuine Sarsaparilla, not only in the case of this name, but in fact in every case. Many worthless imitations have been put upon the market, which have disappointed and disgusted the people, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always retained its supremacy as the best blood purifier, and the most reliable remedy for all diseases arising from impure blood.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles for $5.

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivalled in Appearance.
Unparalleled in Simplicity.
Unsurpassed in Construction.
Unprecedented in Durability.
Unexcelled in Economy of Fuel.
Undisputed in the BROAD GLARE of being the
VERY BEST OPERATING,
QUICKEST SELLING,
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Ever offered to the public.
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Nos. 612, 614, 616 & 618 N. Main St.,
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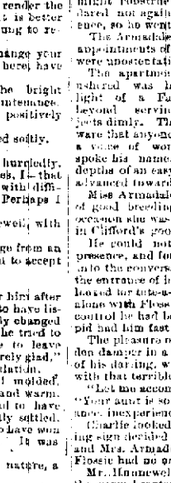
CHAS. MADANTZ,
45 Third st., near Ash, Portland, Or.



Largest and most complete works of the kind in the world.

Production sufficient to bind 50,000 dresses per day.

COOPER'S BRAND is sold in every city, and known in every village in the country.

Commands the highest price on account of its EXCELLENCE.

Ask for it. Take no other. Refuse imitations.

DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S
G and G
Preventive and Cure, for either Sex.
[illegible] Specialty [illegible]
Office and Residence, 25 Sutter St., San Francisco.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
SLAB WOOD—$4 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEED Logging Mill. Orders left at mill or at the box a Bond Street will be promptly attended to.
W. E. H. L. & M. CO.

INSURANCE.

Incorporated.....July 29, 1851.

The Oregon Fire & Marine Ins. Co.

H. W. CORBETT, President.
E. WILLINGTON, Secretary.
28 Washington Street.

GERMANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF NEW YORK.

Cash Assets.....$2,603,180 00

JAMES LAIDLAW & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 20 North Front st., Portland, Or.
T. H. ALLEN, Jr., Manager.

OREGON BRANCH HAMBURG - MAGDEBURG Fire Insurance Co., OF HAMBURG.

Deposit in Oregon.....$50,000

JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Gen'l Agents,
16 North Front St.
T. H. ALLEN, Jr., Manager.

South British and National Fire and Marine Insurance Cos.

Combined Capital.....$11,000,000
Deposited in Oregon.....$100,000
JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Gen'l Agts.
16 North Front st.
T. H. ALLEN, Jr., Manager.

UNION INSURANCE COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital.....$750,000.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR OREGON.
North dan Stark, bet. Front & Third, Portland.
JAMES B. REED, Agent.

THE TAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital subscribed.....$2,000,000
Capital paid up.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund, in addition to capital.....575,000
Cash Assets, June 1882.....1,594,[illegible]
Deposit in Oregon.....50,000

Risks accepted and POLICIES WRITTEN
the agency,
No. 6 FIRST st., PORTLAND, OR.
PHILIP A. TRUAIR, Agent.

IMPERIAL, LONDON, NORTHERN, and QUEEN
Insurance Companies of London & Liverpool
Deposit in Oregon.....$[illegible],000
John Kelly, Resident Manager Pacific Department.
CORBETT & MACLEAY,
General Agents for Oregon and Washington Territory
Office, 54 and 56 Front st., Portland, Or.

OREGON & WASHINGTON TERRITORY BRANCH.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital.....$5,000,000.

With unlimited liability of stockholders.

U. S. deposit required with State Treasurer.
Deposit in Oregon.....$50,000
Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co.,
Liverpool, Eng.
W. F. BROWN, Manager,
No. 51 Stark St., Portland.

MARKETS.

PACIFIC MARKET.

M. S. MACARTHUR.....ALEX. SWEMMER.
SHIP CHANDLING & PROVISIONS.
BUTCHERS AND PACKERS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS.
Corner Third and Ash streets.

A. H. JOHNSON,

Central Market,
Wholesale Butcher and Packer,
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest cash prices paid for all kinds of fat stock

BANKS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PORTLAND.

President.....HENRY FAILING
Vice-President.....H. W. CORBETT
Cashier.....E. WILLINGTON

DEPOSITS OF CURRENCY, GOLD, available in Europe and the United States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.
SIGHT AND SIXTY-DAY BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Bremen, Hamburg.
COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms and all accounts solicited.

BANK OF OREGON

No. 40 First St., corner Ash, Portland, Or

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

4 per cent per annum on 3 months' deposits
4 per cent per annum on 6 months' deposits
5 per cent per annum on 9 months' deposits
6 per cent per annum on 12 months' deposits

Money Loaned on Improved Real Estate Security; also on State, County or City Bonds or Warrants.

WILLIAM REID, President.....ROBERT KELL, Prest'l.
Ter Cashier.....WILLIAM LOWE, Cashier.

MORTGAGE SAVINGS BANK OF OREGON,

45 First Street, Portland.

INTEREST ALLOWED DEPOSITORS

Four months.....4 per cent.
Six.....5 per cent.
Nine months.....5 per cent.
One year.....6 per cent.

FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, since 1874. Loaned over Farms and City Properties CONSERVATIVELY.

VAN B. DELASHMUTT, W. S. CHAPMAN, R. HOGUE, President. Vice-President. Cashier.

Metropolitar Savings Bank OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

4 PER CENT PER ANNUM ON DEPOSITS for three months.
5 PER CENT PER ANNUM ON DEPOSITS for six months.
6 PER CENT PER ANNUM ON DEPOSITS for twelve months.

DIRECTORS:
W. S. Chapman, R. Hoguc, Simon Blumauer, Vaud. Delashmutt, H. Failing, Jr. Fred Fowers, J. F. Watson, H. Blumauer, P. Hogue.

N. E. cor. First and Stark Sts.

E. B. COMPSON, J. W. BRAZEE, WM. SPENCER, Pres't. Cashier.

The Portland Savings Bank OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

RATES—Compounded per cent per annum on deposits for three months; 5 per cent per annum on deposits for six months; 6 per cent per annum on deposits for twelve months.

DIRECTORS:
E. B. Compson, J. W. Brazee, M. S. Harrell, Peter Dekum, J. N. Bolles, W. W. Spencer, F. E. Goodnough, Wm. Reid, Wm. Spencer, Lucas Block, Corner Second and Stark sts.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....$2,000,000

Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London.

Branches—Portland, San Francisco, Victoria.

This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business, grants Drafts on its Branches